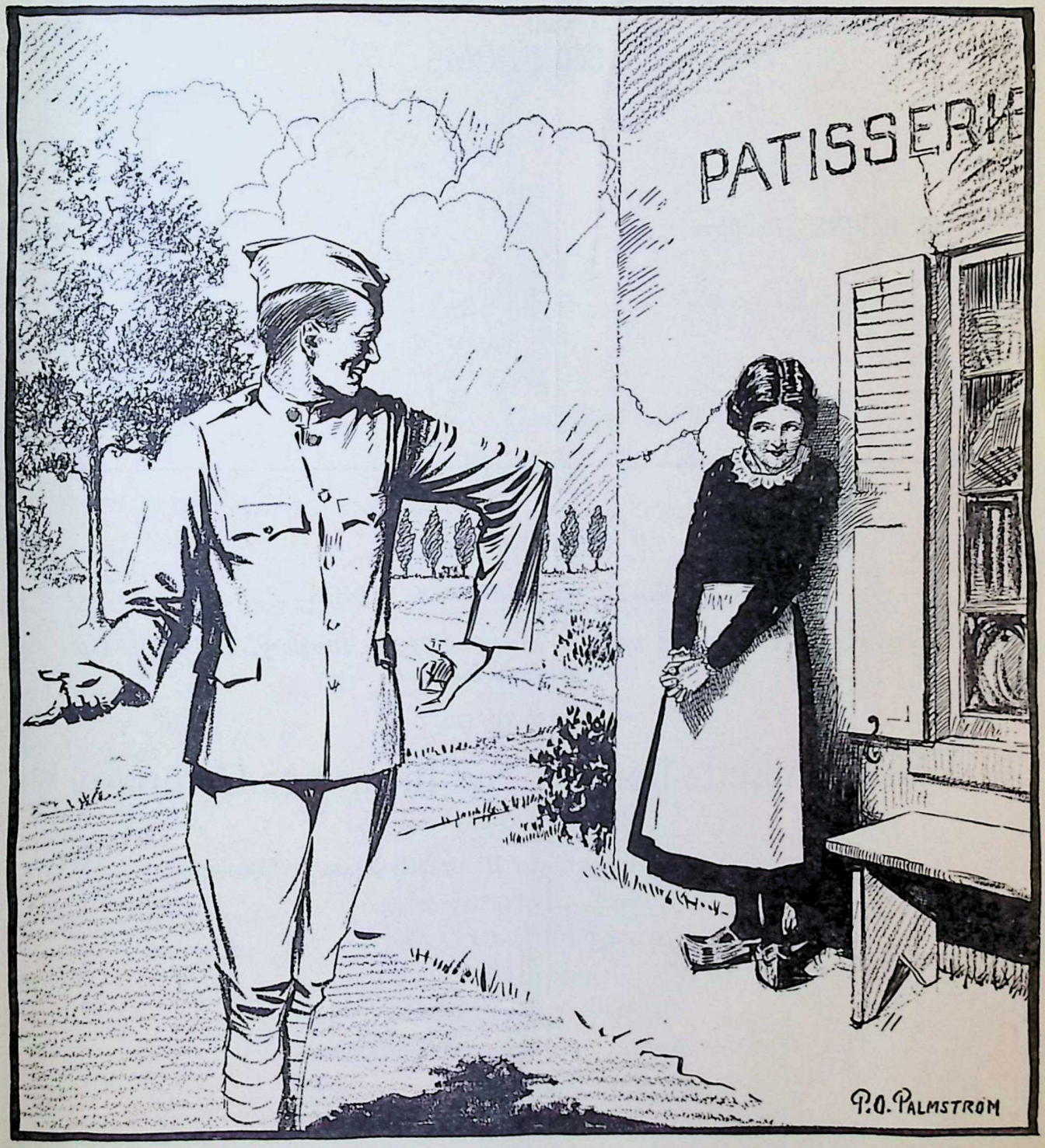
Yankee Doings

Vol. V Boston, Mass. June-July, 1924 No. 6



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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

"YD" AND "RAINBOW"

We can't possibly improve upon the following sentiment printed in the May number of the "Rainbow Recall," which is the DOINGS of the 42nd Division vets. They beat us to it. We can only echo: The same to you, Rain Bos, and many, many of them!

Says the "Recall": "The fellowship between the 'YD's' and the Rain Bos, born of common hardships, has long been a classic. When the 42nd went into Germany, we made the startling discovery that for the first time in many months we were to be separated from our old friends. When the twelve-day passes came into fashion, however, reunions were in order, and we have it on good authority that the pals from the two outfits just about controlled several large amusement centers."

The "Recall" prints a poem by Edwin G. Hitchcock, "One of our YD buddies," who has become known out on the West Coast as the "Radio Rhymer," and the editor threatens to round up all the YD's for a joint meeting with the Southern California Sub-Chapter, further promising a large evening on that occasion. We'd advise our readers out there to get in touch with K. A. Sutherland, 1435 Alvarado Terrace, Los Angeles, and hold him to his word.

FALSE ALARM

WINTHROP FAULKNER writes from Buenos Aires, to cop the monthly marathon trophy. "I read DOINGS with a great deal of pleasure, especially the Very Light Verse, by Fuller P. Nard. I wonder if he is any relation to Ken Nard, the guy who runs the steamships?"

"Ken is no kin," is the verdict of President George Washington (Twombly). And G. W. never told a lie. Fact of the matter is that Ken Nard does his work on water—like Gunga Din. Whereas Fuller never does any work; and if he did, he wouldn't. But this little confusion is not to be wondered at. The Frogs frequently associated water with pinard—mixed them up, so to speak.

VERY LIGHT VERSE

By Fuller P. Nard

Here I'm harnessed to my phones,
Taking in the festive tones
Of a bunch of pols convening in New York.
Sundry orators are gassing,
People cheering, likewise razzing,
And it's somewhat after midnight by the clock.

Evening's program is a peach;
Charlie Cole got off a speech,
Demonstration was an hour or two in dyin'.
Then they sprung a Lady Quaker,
And our former boss, Newt Baker,
And finally they ring in old Bill Bryan.

Hear those bimbos sweat and boil
Pulling off their battle royal.
I can picture well the fury of the scene.
So I vote the show a corker;
I get parked within my rocker
And peacefully I puff my old dudeen.

Yet I wouldn't cross the street
For the choicest vocal treat
The same distinguished gentlemen could throw.
It is not of pols I'm raving;
It is just a tender craving
To go to war once more—by radio.

—FULLER

WHAT'S WRONG WITH DOINGS?

First I must avail myself of the opportunity of expressing my likes and dislikes on your invitation. I appreciate reminiscences of the strenuous days in France, especially the hours that were not so strenuous. I have often thought that I would like to make a trip back to some of the towns, such as Neufchateau, so that any accounts of what the fellows found on their return is especially interesting to me. I am afraid that too much space is devoted to the doings, regardless of the fact that the name of the paper is DOINGS, because few of the fellows became acquainted with many outside their own outfits. But then, I suppose that information is liable to pop out at any time making several months of information about the fellows you never knew bearable.

The prize contest appeals to me and if I can spare the time I intend to set out to capture a prize.

—ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS

KEVILLE HEADS BOARD

COL. WM. J. KEVILLE has been elected President of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home in Chelsea. He is the first soldier other than a Grand Army man to be honored with the office since the foundation of the home in 1882.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Faith is a good thing. So is cognac. But too much of either may be disastrous. Once knew a fellow that perished from chronic faith. He'd heard, and believed it true, that two shells never land in the same spot. So, when the rest of the squad blew for a dugout, he lit into the nearest open model shell hole. To call him by telephone now you have to ask for toll operator.

* * *

This man's fate, sad as it was, brought hope to our heart. If two shells could penetrate the same square yard of solid earth, why couldn't two bright ideas land in the same block of solid ivory? The first direct hit registered when we signed on the dotted line and became a member of the YD. Another one bearing our number might find its objective some day. Time has vindicated our theory. It's a bull's eye!

* * *

Last issue this column sent up a rocket for a barrage. It came across kinda feeble like. One of the best replies was that from buddy Fairbanks' battery, out in the town that made divorces famous. It is printed elsewhere. But in general, we're as much in the dark as ever. Either nobody ever reads DOINGS, or else it's so uniformly punk that it's hard to tell what part is the worst.

* * *

We have to read it. What's worse, we have to write it—or rather put it together. Therefore, we feel entitled to give an answer to our own question. And the answer is ADS! If Messrs. Barlow, Nard, *et al*, would pay space rates for seeing their stuff in print, it would help; if Cozzens would do likewise, we could go to press on lilac scented paper. Meanwhile the printer, though fully appreciating the glory of his commission, seems to think that a little jack would come in handy.

* * *

The only way to get jack is to get ads. And the only way to get ads is to go after them. Now here comes that idea of ours. Get set, and don't muff it. LINE UP THE BOSS FOR AN AD! It doesn't matter whether he sells bonds or baked beans. Collar him. This doesn't mean the other fellow. It means you. Our circulation is not as large as the Satevepost; but much more exclusive. Put it up to him when he's feeling good.

* * *

"The love of money is the root of all evil."—Ponzi.

* * *

"What t'ell Bill, the lack of it is the root of our trouble."

—ED. DOINGS

SAY, REMEMBER THE TIME

This is the second of a series of twelve thumbnail sketches, one to be printed each month, recalling typical scenes and experiences we had together, in "them days that are gone forever." They are taken from the diary of one of us.

II. THE STORY OF THE STOVE

Scene: That—Camp in Southampton.

This stove, spoken of above, was the first of the three we had, and was merely a tin hardtack can with holes punched to make a draft. The way in which we got the successor to this one is a story in itself.

Last Sunday, Mac and Dick took a stroll in the direction of Shirley, a little village near here. While there they spotted a little discarded foot stove, standing near one of the houses; and Mac with his usual eye for business, took note of the location and means of rapid exit. About two or three nights later there came an evening when it was darker than Egypt and raining pitchforks. Our old salamande was smoking so much we could scarcely breathe in the tent, and we were all cussing the thing and opening the tent flap every two minutes to get a breath of fresh air. All of a sudden Mac jumped up and shouted, "Come on, somebody, we'll go over to Shirley and get that stove."

Dick finally consented to go, and donning slickers, they set out. About an hour elapsed, and then the greatest puffing and blowing and swearing outside.

"Sandy," I heard Mac's voice. "Right here," I shouted, opening the flap.

They tugged the stove in and laid it on the floor. It weighed a ton, more or less, in spite of its small size. Not only that, but they'd brought along a funnel to go with it. They had been chased by a whole platoon of cops, mounted on bicycles, had had to hide the stove and walk about innocently for a while, go back and get it, then evade dogs and outraged townspeople; but had arrived with it after all. A few days later the Tommies discovered it, and took it away, not because they knew its history, but because, they said, camp regulations forbade having a fire in a bell tent.

MARBLEHEAD YD CLUB

There has been formed the Marblehead YD Club with the following as charter members: ALFRED R. SMITH, D Batt; GEORGE A. HALL, E Batt; HAROLD BRINE, D Batt; WILLIAM STONE, D Batt; HENRY T, BRIGGS, C Batt; J. SKLOVER, JAMES J. DIXEY, WALTER A. RITCHIE, FRED A. MERRILL and CARL A. PRESCOTT, D Batt; CHARLES O'SHEA, Supply Co. 101st F. A. and E. RUSSELL PEACH, C Batt; 103rd F. A.

YD AUXILIARY OF MARBLEHEAD

Meetings are held the first and third Wednesdays of the month at the Y. M. C. A. Building. After the July 2nd meeting, a "Koo-Koo" party was held. On July 30th at the Hotel Rock-Mere there will be a sale of work from the Disabled Veterans' Shop, Boston. There will also be plenty of chance for a whist party, and cake and candy will be on sale.

On Sunday, August 24, the Outing and Lawn Party will be held at the Hardwick farm on Village Street, from noon to 8 P. M. Guests will be fifty disabled veterans from Chelsea Naval and Essex County Hospitals..

Back Through Old Sectors (V)

By Lyman B. Cozzens

The only convenient train for Bazoiles was most inconvenient—at an hour when most people are in bed. But I had to make time.

The hundreds of barracks that spread over the fields are, of course, all gone and I learned that they are now housing French destitute families all over France. Otherwise Bazoiles is as dirty and lazy as it ever was, A nice fresh manure pile that we were so careful to take away from them is again standing in front of each house, and the people are contentedly watching their cows.

As there was no train, I had to walk back to Neufchateau, hoping in vain that there might be a passing automobile to holler at.

I wanted to get to Doulaincourt that night, stopping on the way at several of our old hangouts.

In all foreign countries there are separate cars for first, second and third class passengers; but here the first and second are so scarcely patronized that only one or two compartments are set aside and the mob rides third. I always rode third on these small trips as there is such a slight difference in the comfort, besides I went over to see the place and the people, not to study comfort, and I found the peasants most entertaining. They all talk in a general conversation and walk around and visit if there happens to be an aisle.

When the train stops at a station they all hang out the windows so that I never could tell whether there was a place for me or not so I had to ask, "Y'a t'il un plac la, Monsieur?" hoping they would understand me. "Oui, Monsieur" and the door opened. Somebody took my bags and somebody helped me up the high steps and by the time I was in, my baggage was all nicely placed up on a rack, and all were smiling and waiting for me to talk to them and tell what I was doing in France. Then the conductor blew a squawk on a ridiculous tin horn and that's a signal for the train to start. He never comes around nor calls stations so you have to watch and get yourself off at the proper place.

Everything so far had gone nicely. I had stopped off at Manois and, in the absence of any conveyance, had walked to Orquevaux. It is the same dream village that we always knew it and was basking in the Sunday afternoon idleness. But the chateau presented an austerity that we never noticed when we were there. The new one is occupied by its owners and had a forbidding appearance. Sort of an air which said, "We are not part of the town. We are just a little better." Consequently the gate was locked. I had some difficulty getting in but did so however, and found the owners. They were not much impressed in finding that I had been there in the war. I asked permission to go through the old chateau. He seemed quite willing. "But there is no one to show you around." I almost laughed in his face. I knew the place better than he did.

It was small satisfaction going through the bare rooms. Here was where we slept and talked in good fellowship late into the night so that the guard in the hall would yell, "Stop your noise in there." He never came in, because once he did and got hit with a shoe in the dark. After that he just stood outside and hollered.

So I hiked me back to Manois and took the train to Andelot which was reported to have an auto which could be hired to take me to Doulaincourt. I was somewhat skeptical and wished I could tie a string to the train while I made sure. It was the last train out that night.

I let it go in the absence of any string and then found that it was too late for the auto to go out. I argued with the man to try to make him change his mind, but I should have known that nothing will move a Frenchman once he has made a decision. So I went to the hotel and in the morning changed my plans. A small hotel in France is not so bad as it is in America. It is always clean with a huge comfortable bed and as warm a hospitality as can be given with their small means.

I did not wait to shave on account of the early train I had to take. I was going to Chaumont which I thought would satisfy my wants. Bright and early I arrived only to find that all the barber shops were closed on Mondays. Because who wants a shave on Monday?

Then I looked for a shine. I was tired, being so dirty. But nobody seemed to know what a shine was. I appealed to the proprietor who thought he knew. He called a maid and told me to sit down. In a few minutes a maid came with a gob of salve on a rag and held my foot up in the air while she smeared it on and gave me what she called a shine.

I asked what they were going to have for dinner and the proprietor who spoke some English said "We got strings bean and—" that was enough. Strings bean! And they never remove the strings "C'est la Francais."

I did not wait for the train to Rolampont, but started walking. I walked a long way before anybody came along, but somebody finally did and took me the whole distance. I had not made many acquaintances there so only stayed a short time and then took the train to Vesaignes.

As soon as I got off the train, there staring me in the face was the "Jug" where I was incarcerated for three days. That is a barefaced way of talking about my disgrace but "them was the happy days."

The dispensary was locked so I rang the bell at the gate of the big house whose grounds enclosed it. The owner was a captain who fortunately was home on leave and took great pleasure in unlocking it for me.

I tried hard to live again the days we spent within those empty rooms—but there was no fire burning and the bare walls seemed to laugh at me.

When I thought I had looked enough, I thanked the Captain and was about to beat it, as I had a five-mile walk to Nogent where I understood I could procure an automobile to Esnoveaux, but my friend the Captain had other ideas. When I first came in, I noticed him giving the maid some instructions and now he walked me in the opposite direction to show me his garden. The garden was great, but my need was greater.

I made every sort of hint to get back to the gate, and when we finally did get there, a table had been spread under

a large shade tree and wine and cakes laid out. What could I do? For anybody that likes wine it would have been a rare treat. The wine was heavy and sweet and the little cakes, like lady fingers, were to be dipped in it. I took it like medicine and got rid of it as fast as I dared and again started for the gate, but he filled up my glass again. I gave up.

(To be continued)

CONGRATULATIONS

A nine-pound boy, Crawford J. Jr., was born to Capt. and Mrs. C. J. FERGUSON at Brighton, Mass., June 9. Fergy, Senior, who served with the 104th Infantry, is now machine gun major, 101st Infantry, Mass. N. G.

RALPH F. CARR (Hq. Troop) reports an eight-pound boy, born June 11.

ORA L. FARNSWORTH (Div. Hq.) is also passing the cigars. An eight-pound boy, born June 13.

CHARLES E. AMES (103rd M. G. Bn.) was married on May 10 to Miss Eleanor Erving King, of New York City.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Alison, of New York, to W. RICHARD ARNOLD (101st F. A.) of Brookline, Mass.

THEODORE C. McCARTHY (Co. H, 101st Inf.) was married on June 15 to Miss Mary B. Moran, at Dorchester, Mass.

E. G. BROWNVILLE (103rd Infantry) has been appointed Assistant Register of Probate of Norfolk County (Massachusetts).

WILLIAM W. PHELPS (E Battery, 101nd F. A.) was married at New York on May 17, to Miss Ellen Kane, of Worcester. Bill is located at 1 Broadway, care of C. H. Powell Company.

WILLIAM J. MULHALL (Hqdrs., 26th Div.) was married to Miss Elizabeth D. Higgins of Brighton, Mass., on July 2, 1924. Guess all our heroes weren't in the Infantry, at that.

BATTERY E, 102nd F. A.

N. E. MAYO, President of the Battery E, 102nd F. A. Association, asks us to broadcast to RALPH STENINGER and any other old members living outside Worcester County that they can always be kept in touch with the doings of the bunch by addressing LEON J. CAISSE, Corresponding Secretary of the Association, care of Western Union Office, Worcester, Mass. It is also announced that a history of the Battery has been published by Corp. LaBranche, copies of which may be had for $3.00.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

ROY McKINLEY KNOX and Miss Sadie Holmes were married in Lynn on Monday, June 16. Their wedding trip was by auto through New York State and Northern Pennsylvania. Upon their return they will reside in Lynn.

The marriage is announced of JAMES RAMSEY BAIRD and Miss Grace Elizabeth Hoover "somewhere in Pennsylvania"—when I find out just where and the date, also their address, I'll let you know.

In May a card was received from WALTER H. GEROW (at one time our Y.M.C.A. man) showing the "main stem" of his home town—Washingtonville, N. Y. Since finishing at the Moody Bible Institute he has been in evangelistic singing.

While on his vacation this winter in Florida, HUGH BRINKLEY called on CHARLES KEAY who is living in Jacksonville. C. K's. address is Peninsula Bldg, care of Keay & Co., paint contractors.

"BOB" JONES writes that it has been unusually cold and rainy this spring in St. Louis! Surprising, isn't it? Well, I guess it has been the same in most parts of the country. Bob is now in the brokerage business.

JACK EMMONS has established a place of business in Dorchester on Washington Street, so whenever you know of any wiring to be done or fixtures to be put in, be sure to let him know

A card from Mlle. Berthe Dusaussay says in part, " . . . Indeed we were glad to see you when you'll be able to come , . . Do you know again the way to Nogent and Carnot Street? How do you do? It will soon be time to think about your vacancy where will you do it?"

They tell me JOE QUINLAN is on the "bridal path." Yes, he is an M. P. out in the Fenway!

A short while ago a letter was received from MAXTED CLINCH saying that evidently some of his former mail had gone astray. However, it is not too late now to state that he is married, has a son, and is living at 41 Congress Street, Lakewood, N. J. Max says he can't imagine any greater pleasure than coming to Boston to see the old gang. Well, here's hoping you get the chance soon, Max.

"JIM" McGREGOR is kept busy at Plum Island (Newburyport) selling house lots for the Plum Island Beach Company. He sends his best regards to all the fellows.

While in New York the first of June, I was fortunate in having lunch one day with "JIM" NEEFUS, LEO PARADIS and "DOC" GORDON and we talked about you all! During a three days' stay in Philadelphia, I spent some time with GEORGE HUDSON and "LEW" COURTER. Lew has lately purchased a fine little home in Brookline, just beyond Fairmount Park. His long legs are itching to get a trip Boston-ward. Hudson may be up this summer and Gordon has finally promised a week-end soon. "Neef" wants to come all right but he won't give up his hunting trip in October. Why not come up here and hunt for something?

In Springfield I found that "TED" HARRIS was in Hartford and, although I missed him, I had a talk with GEORGE HERRIOT who is still with the Tusca Radio Company. Just missed seeing "ERNIE" HOULE in Worcester but he is well and very happy! Don't know of any Signal buddies in Bridgeport but I did see "Same old Dick" Barlow.

—G. W. T.

MARBLEHEAD ELECTS

The YD Club of Marblehead, has elected the following officers: President, ARTHUR R. SMITH; Vice-President, C. ARTHUR O'SHEA; Secretary-Treasurer, E. RUSSELL PEACH; Historian, J. SKLOVER; Chaplain, NORMAN JOHNSON; Sergeant-at-arms, WILLIAM T. STONE.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

ANTICS OF "A"

LOUIS M. CURRIE is following in his father's footsteps as a contractor in Attleboro.

JOHN LONG is with the Edison Company, New York City.

LELAND BANNISTER is cost accountant for A. & P. Products Co. of Brockport, N. Y. He has a boy two years old. Proud father claims he can lick any other kid in the county.

H. B. CHAPPELLE, of the 26th Division Show, is attending Georgetown University, and is living at 1729 E. Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.

MEMOS OF THE MEDICOS

ARTHUR J. KINLEY is married and working for the General Electric Company in Lynn.

We are beginning to hear from the Western bunch. HARRY J. BRUNNEMER writes he is conductor on the Interurban Railroad, running between Louisville, Ky., and Indianapolis. Married happily; has boy four years old. Tried farming after the war, but soon gave it up.

CAPERS OF "C"

DINTY MOORE, our famous corporal of the international platoon, is the proud father of a daughter born on the 25th of April, with a gross tonnage of 7¼ pounds. Dinty is with the Hood Rubber Company, explaining the detailed construction of concrete bursters.

TOOTS OF THE TRAIN

SCHUYLER R. WALLER'S name leads all the rest. He caught the largest salmon reported in the B. &. M. Spring Fishing Bulletin—5¼ pounds.

"OEUFS" OF THE ORDNANCE

(Apologies to the Radio Bed-Time Stories.)

Once upon a time six young men worked together. Their names were Sarge, Gus, Mike, Pogy, Charlie and Lakie. Sarge was a great big boy and enjoyed Creme de Menthe in both quarts and pints. Gus was taller than Sarge and he liked Cognac very, very much. Mike was not a little boy nor was he a big boy and he liked Bier. Pogy was the smallest of all and so he had to like the biggest bottle—Champagne. That leaves Charlie and Lakie—one was big and the other small —and one liked "Epinard" and the other Vin-rouge. Now you have met all the boys. Really, don't you think they were a happy family? Well, they were.

Then one day in April, when the trees were just beginning to turn green, they all said good-bye and all went away.

Sarge has seen all except Charlie since, but he wants to see his friends again.

Now, gentle reader, don't you think he should, for really all stories must end happily.

Sarge thinks a letter addressed to 82 Beaver Street, New York, might make everything all right and that if five letters arrive he would ENGINEER a reunion.

(John Caswell, who is guilty of the above, slept on ye humble Ed. one night on a box car trip. He weighs, or did then, about 275 pounds. We had half a mind to lay his maiden effort in the graveyard.)

BUZZINGS OF "B"

All you fellows that didn't attend "Capt. Johnny's" Demonstration of Military Training and Field Engineering, given by the 101st Engineers, Mass. N. G., sure missed a good time. It was mighty interesting to those of us "B" men who were there.

Wouldn't you have been kind of pleased to see CAPT. "CURLEY" NORRIS of B Company (Somerville) leading his men in a Wire Drill? Believe us or not, "Barbed-wire George" has nothing on "Curley," and "Curley's" men, I think, had a shade on us.

Then A Company, headed by CAPT. LOUIS EDMUNDS, showed us some pretty fine competitive work in close order drill. We were of the opinion that A Company was the best of the three in the competition for the General Clarence R. Edwards Cup, but the near-sighted judges ruled otherwise. Never mind, Louis, it was a dam-fine showing your Company made.

"JOHNNY" MAXWELL makes a snappy looking "Leftenant". He was mighty glad to see us. He is attached to Headquarters Company.

COLONEL "HI" LANDON was present getting some inside dope for his machine-gunners.

CAPT. PAUL PRESTON of Co. G, Machine-gun Battalion, was also a keen spectator of the exhibition.

Take it all in all "Old B" was pretty well represented at this "Affaire Militaire."

ERNEST McLAUGHLIN writes that Yankee Doings is the only thing the fellows in the West have to keep them in touch with the bunch. Wants to be remembered to all, and hopes there'll be a few "Buzzings" every month.

Now fellows there is a little something of vital interest to all of us. The regimental history that we subscribed for is almost ready, so we are all going to get one after all. The Committee informs us that our patience is to be rewarded a thousand-fold. A real history has been written, and our old friend "BILL" HOLLOWAY has seen to it that B's share of the history is a soldier's story.

Will one of you fellows in Westerly, Brockton, Westbrook and Boston make it your duty to mail to W. G. W. Holloway, care Lee, Higginson, Boston, or V. B. Hitchins, care State Street Trust Co., Boston, a list of names and present addresses of all the B fellows you know of in your district. Double-time on this, for it is necessary for the proper distribution of the history. Take no chances that your name will be sent in by somebody else, but shoot it in yourself or you may be S. O. L. Wherever you are, mail in your address, because if the book is mailed to you and goes wrong, it will not be mailed again. Pass the word along to every Engineer you know.

ECHOES OF "E"

VANER LAWSON adds a member to the rolls of our Sons of Veterans organization in the person of Richard Norman, born April 30.

SAM WEINER has also acquired a son recently, details missing so far.

JIM CICCOLO gives us the pleasant announcement that his baby girl won the title of "Miss Somerville" at a baby contest held recently.

HARRY NEITZEL is still in Cicero, Ill., but hopes to get up this way some time before he crawls into his last wooden dugout.

FANCIES OF "F"

This column wouldn't look natural unless it started off with something about the "Book." About all there is to say this time is to remind you about that little notice you received a while ago. Some jack has rolled in, but not enough. Is it fair to those who have "antied" to keep their kale tied up while the rest is coming in? The printer has his presses all oiled. Remember the motto, "Dig, brother dig!"

Summer seems to be a poor time for digging up personal notes. The reunion was so long ago that it can hardly pass muster as news now. Some familiar faces were missing, notably, CHARLIE GANT and "KLOOJ", but others, ANDY LAWLOR among them, showed up for the first time. Don't pine away if you missed it; there'll be another next year.

PEA SOUP PATTER

Meest bil snide San Alban
why de klub 'vairmon
boston
allo" bil

i tink u mus hev gut mi las leter bi dis tam? u no de won befor dis won, bil I expec tu mak lots muny dis yere I gut nuder invenshun for de sumer its a fli trap. bil dere is nuting lak dis on de market? here is de skeme? furs u get smal pece marble den u mak tu smal laders push de top uf de laders togegedur open de botoms of de laders apart seperet an put smal pece sugar on de top roun of de lader? u se de fli he walk up won sid uf de lader get de sugar an start tu kum down de oder side ah dats ware we kech de fli he don no it but we hev lef out de secun las step frum de botom an he fals down an hits his hed on de marble slab dis noks him cukoo den u snik up on him wid a fli swater an finish him deas ot tu sel gud dis sumer if u kan sel eny let me no an i wil sen u sum dare aint mutch news here jes now excep dat bil brady had his las years straw hat clened an it luks pruty gud excep for de band, gus furdon was in town won nite las wik or de wik befor an tol us a jok dat a feler out in newton tol him it wasn mutch gud so i wil tel him tu u? hE sed he saw a scotch boat cummin de harbur de uder da i ask him how does he no its a scotch boat an he sed it mus be a scotch boat becus derwas no see guls folerin it, how u lak dat wun bil, hoping u ar de sam i am ur fren tu de end dis is de end?

Pete Bouchard.

BRIDGEPORT X. Y. D.'s

By Dick Barlow

"Mother's Day", to the disabled service men at Allingtown Hospital, means the day those good women of Bridgeport and Fairfield come to see them and bring along home-made bits of chow and words of cheer. The American Legion Auxiliary of Fairfield and the Hospital Club of Bridgeport have each adopted two wards of boys at this hospital and never fail to visit them at least once each week.

There is no Yankee Division club in this city, but the Auxiliary still "carries on" and the money earned in card parties and other methods is used in aiding YD men and their families in this district and they also are interested in and help the boys at Allingtown, (U.S.P.S. Hospital No.41).

Captain CHARLES H. SPRAGUE has been at the Bridgeport Hospital for several weeks suffering from an attack of pneumonia but has improved so that he has been allowed to go home. However, to regain his strength, he is spending several weeks in the mountains of New Hampshire.

It's a shame to disturb the moths, but the old uniforms must come out for that there ballahop, shindig, barbecue and promenade of the old gang at Waterbury, June 7. If any of you top sergeants have to scout up K. P. details, I'll be the fellow with a YD on his shoulder.

I had a letter recently from HARVEY TETER who has a farm at Pittsburg, Kansas. He asked for all the old gang, and the first man he mentioned was his old friend and pal, BILL FOLEY. Gee, it would be grand if those fellows away out there could read the DOINGS, for Bill was killed almost two years ago now. "TETE" was sent to us as a replacement but drew down $318.00 for his share of the adjustment compensation paid by the State of Kansas and asks the question, "How much did you get?" Why rub it in, Tete, old boy?

BATTERY "A" BARRAGE

Old original ALCOHOL JOHNSON writes from Phoenix, Arizona, that he just got his first copy of the world's greatest magazine. (One guess.) Says he has the finest clothing business in the best town in the U. S. "But," he adds, "I'm pretty near ready to shoot the whole works for one real get-together with some of the old wrecks that used to be with Battery A. The national drink in this town is tequila. Just multiply Eau de Vie by 100—that's tequila."

When WILLARD LUTHER, JIM CLARKE and JACK PENHALLOW reached Buenos Aires on their recent journeyings they found a hearty welcome awaiting them with ROLAND ALLEN and WINNIE FAULKNER in charge of ceremonies. A very pleasant time was had by all, according to all reports.

Winnie Faulkner has left Montevideo and is now billeted with Roland Allen. They say they are prepared to provide their usual welcome to any YD men astray in those parts. Roland is with the Compagnia Swift de la Plata, so get in touch with him whenever you land at Buenos Aires.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

SPRINGFIELD UNIT, 104th

Applications for 104th rings will now be received and passed on by the Ring Committee. Men who desire to make application should communicate at once with James W. Armeson, 31 Bowdoin Terrace, Springfield, Mass. An order will be placed shortly after this issue of DOINGS reaches its readers, and applications received late will be subject to delay and probably to an increase in price. Gold rings only will be furnished, and the price for the present is $5.50.

The new flag of the Unit was carried for the first time in Springfield on Memorial Day, after having been on display, with 104th photographs, in the window of Albert Stieger Company. The pictures, framed, have been presented to the Unit by Mr. Stieger and Albert W. Cobb. It is planned to send sets of the photographs to General Passaga and to the associations of the several regiments with which the 104th trained. Donations of one dollar to the flag fund are still coming in. The flag is paid for, but the surplus is being put to good use. Other Units which contemplate obtaining flags can get some valuable information on the subject from Commander Armeson.

Lots of new Dads in the Springfield Unit, including FRANCES SHEEHAN (M.G. Co.), RAY OLESON (LCo), JIMMIE ARMESON (a son, Frank James, March 28), and JAMES H. FOREN (old M. G. Co., Top Kick) a daughter. And JOHN S. BUDLONG (K Co.) has started a company all his own, with three recruits so far, two of which were signed up May 9th.

GREATER BOSTON UNIT, 104th

Governor Cox has announced the following commission to administer the 104th mural painting project for the Massachusetts State House: ALFRED F. FOOTE, Holyoke; EDWARD J. CONNELLY, Wakefield; CRAWFORD J. FERGUSON, Allston; ALFRED F. BAILLOT, Adams; PATRICK J. CLOSTER, Springfield. The commission as thus constituted should prove an able one, and will command the whole-hearted co-operation of the regiment in its researches. At the Holyoke convention, the Executive Committee of the 104th Association, upon the governor's invitation, agreed upon representatives of the regiment for the mural painting commission. All those appointed by the Governor are former 104th men, which is gratifying, although for reasons best known to His Excellency, only one of those recommended by the Association is included. Which goes to prove that the 104th is rich, not only in commission material, but also in unofficial advisers to the Executive. Oh, well!

Meetings of the Greater Boston Unit will be dispensed with during the summer months, but will be resumed in October.

THOMAS MACKEY (E Co.) was married on June 25 to Miss Catherine Dermody, of Somerville. After seeing the sights at Niagara Falls, per newlyweds' regulation, they will make their summer home at Winthrop, and in the fall will return to Somerville.

ELLIOTT E. McDOWELL (E Co. and Hq. Co.) was elected Senior Vice-Commander, Department of Massachusetts, at the recent convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, held at Haverhill.

RALPH W. ROBART (A Co.) gave Grant Mitchell a run for his money when he appeared in the title role of "A Tailor Made Man," presented June 9 and 10 by Cambridge Post, American Legion.

RUSSELL A. HARMON (C Co.) has been announced as campaign manager for Louis A. Coolidge, candidate for the United States Senate from Massachusetts.

A. P. O. 709

On June 24, the Club received a visit from E. L. KELLEY who is in business in New York. His home is in Seattle, Wash., and he was formerly with the 102nd Inf.

JOHN T. PETTINGER, who for a year or so lived in Peru, is now living in Nacozari, Sonora, Mexico, and is working for the Montezuma Copper Company. His letter in part reads, "I left the Llama smells and cholo odors of the Peruvian Andes last August.....While in the Kern County Oil Fields of California, I ran into ROBERT BUTLER, of the 101st Signal Corps. Reading his DOINGS made me wish for a copy of my own..."

JAMES E. MARTIN (Co. C, 102nd M. G.) visited the Boston Club the first of May. He is now with the U. S. Customs Service at Tampa, Florida. Martin's address is 113 W. Comanchee Avenue, and he would like to hear from some of his buddies.

JULIAN A. RICHARDSON wants some of the boys to stay up nights and write to him and if they come to California to drop in to see him. He is now located in Long Beach, Calif., at 1004-1005 Farmers and Merchants Bank Building.

The engagement is announced of ELWIN LEANDER WILSON (103rd Inf.) Bethel, Me., and Miss Dorothy Wight Clarke of Lewiston, Me.

PAUL T. COLBRON (H. Q. Co., 104th Inf.), now Capt. H. Q. 152 Cav. Brig., writes from his "Fairfield Farm" in New Canaan, Conn., that he has just returned from Bermuda. Once in a while he sees COL. TWACHTMAN of the 103rd F. A. and also WM. SIMKINS.

Maj. SLATER WASHBURN, with Mrs. Washburn, has left for France where he will represent the 26th Division, Mass. National Guard, at war manoeuvers of the French Army. Maj. Washburn has been commissioned for the purpose by the War Department and has been given three months' leave of absence.

WADE GRINDLE (A Co., 103rd Inf.) has left the Milton High School and since the first of May has been principal of the Winchester High School.

GEORGE A. HALL (E Batt. 101st F. A.) has been at Chelsea Naval Hospital in Ward 7-3 for the past thirteen months.

CHARLES A. O'SHEA (Supply Co., 101st F. A.) is at the West Roxbury Hospital.

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101st FIELD HOSPITAL

CARL H. KALLENBERG died May 13, 1924, from disabilities received while in the service. Dedham Post, A. L., officiated at the funeral with firing squad of regulars, and many of his former buddies were present.

"TED" BARRY, who so ably looked after the sick and wounded while in our hospital, is again in our midst and can be reached at 300 South St., Brookline, Mass., where he is following his profession of nursing.

"GOOGY" MAHN, who tried so hard to become a real "wind-jammer," certainly looks prosperous. He is in the printing business in South Boston.

PAUL K. WILSON, a graduate of Brown University, who took vocational course in chemistry, has married and now holds a good position with the Producers' & Refiners' Co., at Parco, Wyoming.

"TOBY" LYONS, who so well handled the outfit's kitchen during the "late unpleasantness" opened a restaurant in Chicago, but we are sorry to say that he was burned out before he could place any insurance on it, so lost everything. You surely have our sympathy, old pal.

We regret to say that old reliable "Chlorination" PAUL KACHELE is in pretty bad shape physically and is expecting to go to Rutland shortly, for treatment. His address is Mozart St., Jamaica Plain, Mass., and hope you boys will find time to write to him for he has a warm spot for us all.

Our best wishes for good luck to "ALECK" PHEMISTER who is now connected with the *Boston Herald* as advertising salesman.

"JIM" SLATER, "BOB" McILVEN and LOUIS GOEHRING have lately become the proud fathers of girls. We regret, however, to learn that Louis lost his daughter soon after birth.

In June, our old clerk sergeant "BILL" MURPHY, graduated from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and passed with highest honors.

SHOTS AT THE 103rd INFANTRY

Says CHARLES J. QUINN (K Co.) of New York City: "103rd Infantry, Fall In! What is the reason for all this inconspicuousness? Lost in the jungle up around Moosehead Lake? You from Ohio, and below the Mason-Dixon Line, what has become of you all? Aren't the friendships we formed while standing on the brink of eternity worth keeping up? Again we appeal for a little 103rd news in YANKEE DOINGS. Sergt. Craig of K Co., knowing you to be a member, the writer would like some news of the Maine fellows. Some time ago it was reported that Bill Wilkins had gone West, and that Leander Wade of Livermore Falls was in bad shape; are these reports true? Let's hear from you through DOINGS.

LEROY R. BRUCE (B Co.) writes from Chico, California: "Hasn't the 103rd a scribe live enough to keep something about the old gang appearing in YANKEE DOINGS? I was a member, although living all my life in the West, and I thought a great deal of the old Regiment and the old Division. I would like to see something from every unit in every issue. Then it would seem like the old war days—each for the other, and not everyone for himself. Can't you stir up the 103rd bunch?" Bruce, by the way, reports having had a fire. We don't know what he lost, but the only thing he seems to be worrying about is his file of DOINGS.

101st INFANTRY ITEMS

PATRICK J. LONG (G Company) hasn't joined the Navy, but was seen in Reading Square at high water recently doing traffic on a raft.

CLYDE RUSSELL (I Company) has had a lot of things happen to him since the armistice was signed. Dan Cupid corralled him. The first one was a girl and the second and last to date was a boy. Then a threshing machine which Clyde was running on his farm in St. John, Washington, exploded burning him badly on the face and arms. His Jonah was not contented with this however, and as soon as he got back to work his leg was broken in a hay press. Clyde is still going strong and wants to be remembered to all the boys.

JONNY HEALEY (I Company) was a visitor at the club a few days ago and looked the picture of robust health.

SAM HINGSTON and BILL SULLIVAN, Charlestown boys and B Company Vets, have each been presented with YD Juniors by their respective femmes. Congratulations are in order, boys.

BILL TOOHER (K Company) who served an enlistment in the Marines and saw duty in China after the Armistice is now 2nd Lt., of the new K Company, 101st Inf, M. N. G. The girls all vote that he makes a fine looking officer and we agree with them.

TAPS

FRANK McPHERSON, formerly of Battery F, 102nd Field Artillery, died at Centralville, Mass., June 1, 1924. The funeral was conducted by Lowell Post, American Legion, June 3.

Sympathy is extended to WILLIAM L. WATERS (Battery C, 101st F. A.) upon the death of his wife and child, April 29, 1924.

CARL KALLENBERG (101st Field Hospital) died recently at Rutland, Mass., and was buried from his late home, 73 Park Street, Dedham.

WALTER MONSEAU, formerly Company K, 102nd Infantry, died May 4, 1924, at National Soldiers' Home, Virginia, and was buried at Hazardville, Conn.

MAURICE SANDAGER, formerly Battery C, 103d F. A., died at Auburn, R. I., May 15, 1924.

CORNELIUS KELLIHER, formerly of Company B, 104th Infantry, was accidentally killed at Boston in April 1924.

JOHN G. GHILAN, formerly of Medford, Mass., and a veteran of the Yankee Division, died at Manchester, N. H., on May 13, 1924, as a result of burns received the day before in a theatre fire.

The heartfelt sympathy of the Club and its Auxiliary is extended to GEORGE WHITE (104th Inf.) on the death of his mother.

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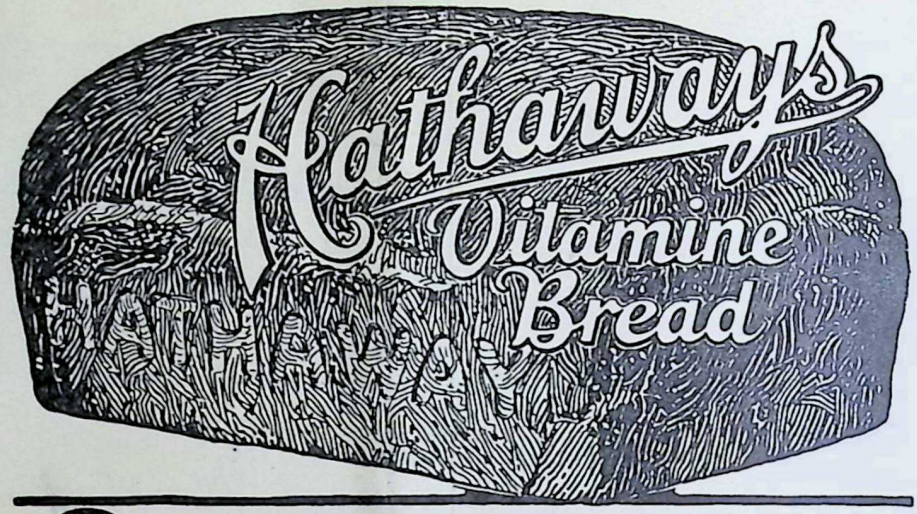

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